My Road

O번출구
경기도청
150M

The only things I have left are my memories and dreams.I've realized that I cannot rely on anyone in the outside world. I also could not respond.

Ever since I started doing simple translation work at this unknown publishing company, the amount of time I spent wandering around the city carrying a camera that I never took pictures with increased. In the inner part of the city where I walked absentmindedly, I only existed like dust in the deep corners of the street. And she was there.

I saw her first on the night of that day when the universe was putting on a show, with shooting stars that fell from the sky like snowflakes.

After that, the seasons changed, and I saw her again on that exhausted early summer morning. She was there. The most beautiful woman in the world was there. That was the work of love. I couldn't make her laugh no matter what I said. She only broke into a wide smile if I bought her a bottle of wine. I didn't know where she came from or what kind of life she led. It wasn't until we went with our despairing hearts up to that hill, where we spread out our arms and ran around as if we were crazy, that she started to open up her heart.

나의 거리

When I opened my eyes, the morning sunrays hit my pupils and a guitar melody was reverberating through the room. The extraordinary girl I saw earlier was curled up, sleeping in a corner of the room. Aside from her, nothing in that place looked familiar. It looked like my image that was trapped there – from the past, the future, many days down the road, after becoming a grizzled old man with gray hair. I grabbed the hand of the girl who was playing the guitar and went above ground. Standing there, my face flushed because it felt like everything had been created for the two of us.

I couldn't say anything like the word "love."It was locked away, deep in my heart, in a place I don't even know, and the key was thrown away in a river.

I've always desired some kind of received feelings.

When the mid-day sun shone straight down and our shadows faded to the size of our fingertips, like two spots of ink sprinkled down, we sat down in the street, faced each other, and clicked the camera shutter.

We knew we didn't really want to take pictures of each other and though the fun had ended, we continued to roam the city looking for beautiful scenery that could only be found there. The city laid across the railroad tracks. At the end of the tracks was a road going to the harbor and there was a sugar factory there as well as other unknown buildings. Going down the road, there were buildings with low eaves and a shop selling fishing gear. There was also a slightly smelly puddle on the street. We walked down that strange and shabby street looking through the eyes of young love.

We were able to feel a sort of pitiful beauty. Maybe it was from the weeds that grew in the cracks of the walls, or the sky that reflected in the puddles, or even the clouds that were obscured by electric lines and the smoke that climbed out of the chimneys.

Rust made the ships shine with an orange sheen.

Upon reaching the ships, we saw that the beach was completely black with the tide. Rainbows were shining from the drying oil. When we had money, we found rooms with beds and laid there without any coverings. I would read books to her and she would prop her chin up and listen seriously. Then, she would roll over and smile. Sometimes, she would tickle me with her lips beneath my bellybutton. I could not measure the depths of the happiness I felt and even started planning my future with her in my mind. I scorned that self-confidence.

RESIDENTIAL AREA AT NIGHT

Eun-Jeong: "That flowerpot is really pretty."
Cha Jee-Cheol: "Really? Wait a minute."

Jee-Cheol raised the fence and Eun-Jeong kept watch. Jee-Cheol took down the flowerpot and gave it to Eun-Jeong. The two of them ran as fast as they could and burst out laughing and panting when they reached the main street.

MOTEL ROOM

Jee-Cheol, Eun-Jeong, and the flowerpot lay side-by-side in an unventilated room.

Eun Jeong: "There's someone I love."
Jee-Cheol: "Oh … oh, yeah?"
Eun-Jeong: "Why won't you ask?"
Jee-Cheol: "What?"
Eun-Jeong: "What kind of person he is…"
Jee-Cheol: "If you like him, then he must be a great guy."

A married man.

The days when she became cold with me, the days when she would quickly answer her phone and go off – those days, she went to him.

I remember that day when I rose as I was falling asleep. I can see the top half of my body sitting straight up and my bottom half lying down with her and the flowerpot.

If I tore through the ceiling like this, would I never wake up?

I wanted to fly up to the roof and go along this path, my road, and be scattered across it like the fog.